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At the Stove

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AT THE STOVE

Matthew Lippman

Dropped in for a while.

Snow came soon.

Didn't know how long I'd be around. Came

to your place between the hour and the car. In the barn
a child slept in hay.

Cold out,

tonight, though your eyes are blue. Dropped in for some time,
get my bearings.

You were at the stove, stirring the tomatoes. It's always been that
way. Then, time to go.
Grow up and go.

Means something. Now,

I'm growing radish in my field. The monkeys come sometimes. It
happens

when I think of you wrapping oil soaked gauze
around your fingers. It happens

when I'm restless. Snow came in the night. Look here,

I said to it,

why couldn't we have lungs in our lungs.
The pipes stayed quiet. A whole lot quieter

than the onion in the basket growing a root. Dropped in
for the heat.

The road was blue. All my belongings were blue.

I couldn't hear the owl. Needed the suede
against my face.

All your trimmings. Then,

time to go. Out the window,
wings off.

Ice between my fingers.

My fingers once in you.

The caps off.

The world off.

The field burning

wrapped around the heels of my boots.